(rio)T-GRRRL: a transdykes guide to lesbian sex

(Ed.): Kate L.

V.1.I.1

The body is not a thing, it is a situation: it is our grasp on the world and a sketch of our projects.

Simone de Beauvoir
- The Second Sex

Hi. Welcome to the first issue of my zine.
In case you missed it while you were racing to open up and read, the zine is called (rio)T-GRRRL.
This first issue, A Transdykes guide to lesbian sex, is concerned with exploring sexuality as it pertains to me fantasizing about, theorizing with, and, ultimately, fucking other women, trans or not.

And,
who
am
I?
Well,
here's
a
poem,
maybe
that
will
help!

Who would really want to win the oppression Sweepstakes

I am a young-white-able-bodied-middle-class-transsexual-anarcha-vegan-university-educated-Sadomasochistic-polyamourous-lesbian-identified-queer-panssexual-feminist.
In other words:
My name is Kate
And all of this is subject to change!

Typical Lezzie-Tranz Zine Checklist

Transsexual Lesbian ✓

Erotica ✓

Sexy Photos ✓

Embodied Poetry ✓

Strap-On ✓

Gloves ✓

Lube ✓

Absolutely no stories about how "my family reacted to my transition" ✓

A note about safety & consent

- Consenting to one act (ie: Kissing) is not consenting to others (ie: Penetration)
- Talking, talking, and more talking
- One word: R.A.C.K. -Risk Aware Consensual Kink
- Your boundaries may not be the same as your lovers.
- (Re)Think your Attitudes about Sexuality
- Substances (drugs, alcohol) may affect your ability to negotiate boundaries
- Eroticize Safer Sex
- Lube is awesome

How to make a dental dam out of a condom (preferably latex).

Step 1 - Open and unroll a condom, laying it flat on a clean surface.

Step 2 - Use scissors to cut off both ends of the condom, leaving about 6 inches of condom.
Be careful not to puncture the condom with the scissors.

Stp 3 - Carefully cut down the length of the latex and you will have a 4" x 6" latex square.

Step 4 - Enjoy :)

How to make a dental dam with a glove (latex or non)

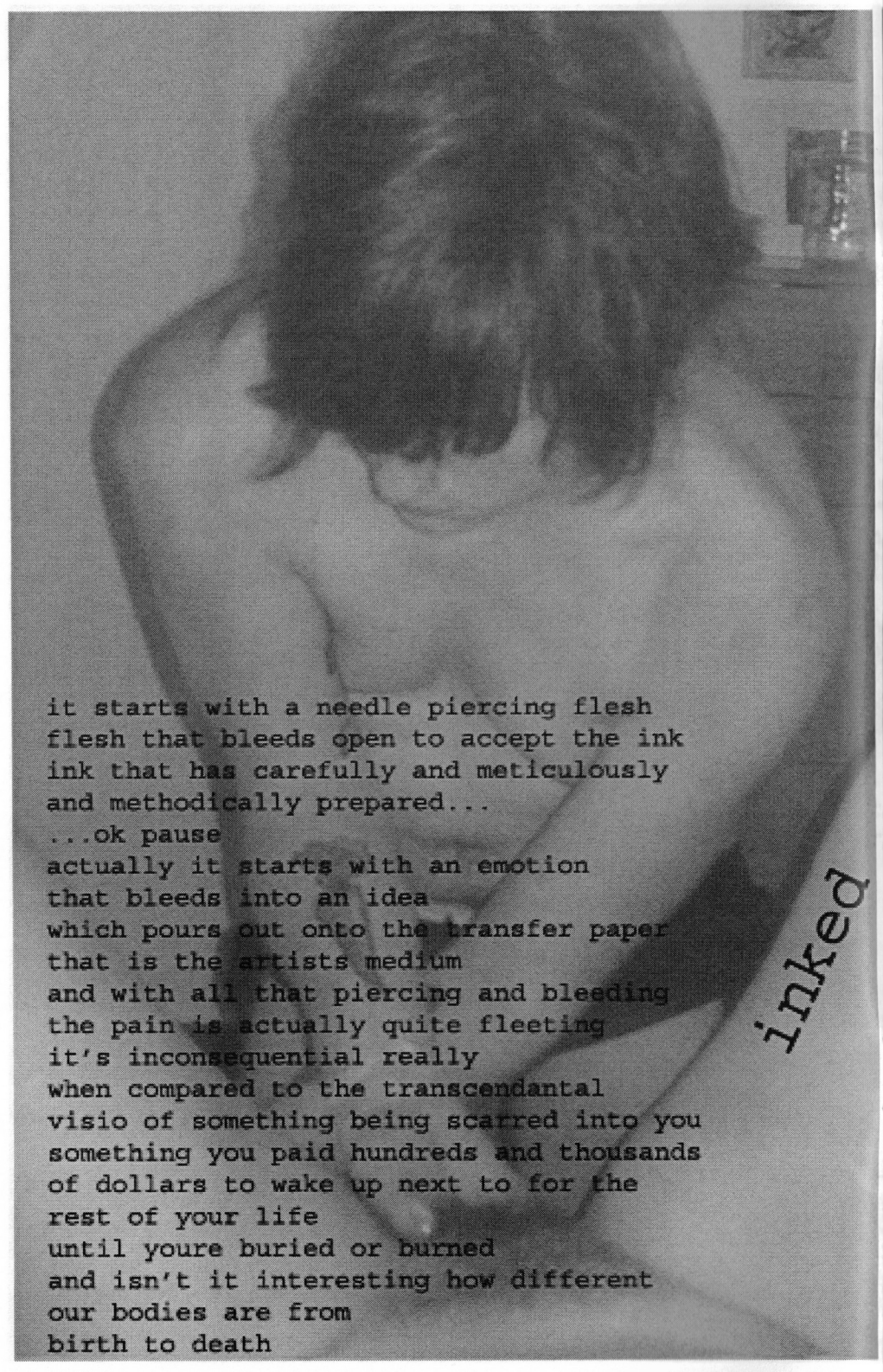
Step 1: With scissors cut all the fingers on the glove, leaving the thumb.

Step 2: Unravel the glove with the thumb pointing down.

Step 3: Use the barrier and/or the thumb as needed.

A note about trans peoples's bits

A lot of trans-folks hold a lot of shame in our genitals. Please, don't assume anything. It is important to remember that every single transperson comes to bed with such different histories, idiosyncrasies, and boundaries. Please, I cannot speak for all of my kind, but I can say that for me, as long as I hear reassurance that my lover thinks of me as nothing but a woman, then I feel more safe. I always refer to my genitals as "my clit." Everyone uses different words, but point is: just ask in a sensitive way, how we feel about them, and you never know, we may surprise you!



inked

it starts with a needle piercing flesh
flesh that bleeds open to accept the ink
ink that has carefully and meticulously
and methodically prepared...
...ok pause
actually it starts with an emotion
that bleeds into an idea
which pours out onto the transfer paper
that is the artists medium
and with all that piercing and bleeding
the pain is actually quite fleeting
it's inconsequential really
when compared to the transcendantal
visio of something being scarred into you
something you paid hundreds and thousands
of dollars to wake up next to for the
rest of your life
until youre buried or burned
and isn't it interesting how different
our bodies are from
birth to death

inked(cont)

oooooooh the body i was born into
is a far cry from
the body i will die in
changing sex from male-to-female
changing gender from man-to-woman
to femmey-butchy-i-don't-know-what
changing skin colour from
rose-whitey-pinky
to a rainbow of visions
visions that start in my mind
rather
visions that appear in my mind
as epiphanies
sometimes i think it's a higher being
(my consciouness?)
that compells me
to rip open my skin
and let the ink bleed in

Play Party

Our eyes meet
from across the room
at the lesbian play
partty.
It's brief but
we both blush
and instantaneously I am
catapulted to a sinister
corner of my mind.
I think to myself how
the redness of your cheeks
is nothing comparedto the
redness that your body is
going to experiece when I
get you alone. You're
definitely nice to look at,
you're curvy, with a strong
build…kinda femmy but with
strong arms. You're wearing
just the right amount
of make-up. And you know,
although the "experts" say
that no one should try to
match their eye shadow with
the shirt they're wearing,
your lil' bit of purple
eye-shadow matches that
gorgeous mesh dress you
have on. And as I'm
cruising you,
contemplating the sadistic
things I'm going to do,
I notice that the mesh exposes
your pert nipples clamped
tight with D.I.Y. clamps,
made of clothespins and
chicken wire.

That's all the visual encouragement
I need! I begin to push my way
through the array of lesbian-genders
and it seems that all the bois and grrrls,
MTF-spectrum and FTM-spectrum folk,
and everyone in between knows that I'm
on a mission. So they step aside for my
butch-trans-dyke swagger. Half-way there,
you sense my presense and turn your
back to me. I know this snub is a
simple matter of feigning ignorance
though because, as hard as you try to ignore
me, you know I'm approaching.
So when I straddle up beside you and place
my left hand in a tight grip on your hip,
I smell the pheromones oozing from your
pores. I sense that you want me to use,
abuse, and fuck you because I smelt your
masochism from 20 feet away. I reach
around with cuffs in my right hand and snap
them on as I jam my knee between your legs
. I slam you hard up against the wall and
caress your legs with mine. As I approach
your crotch you turn your head 'round and
begin to silently protest. I may be a bitch
but I'm not dumb when it comes to fucking
trans-girls. I know what you're about to say
and frankly I couldn't care less whether
you've had the operation or not. So, before
you speak, I silence you with a yank of your
hair and whisper harshly in your ear
"Listen, I don't care what's between your
knees, all I care about it that you are on
your knees…do you understand me?"
"Yes, Ma'am," you reply softly with a
hesitation in your voice. And with that
you turn around and kneel, as I roll up my
blue-jean pant legs so that you can
worship my boots with care.

Play Party (cont)

The second your knees hit the ground
I force the back of your head down so
that you're in the fetal position kissing
the cold-hard-steel of my newly minted,
blood-red Docs. The touch of your
tongue on my steel-toe sends an
electric shiver directly from my
toes to my clit. As lost as I am in this
moment, I look around and
remember that we are on display for a
room full of pervy dykes and I notice
that most of their genderqueer eyes are
upon our scene. You stop licking my boots,
look up at me with puppy-dog eyes and ask
"I'm embarrassed with the amount of people
staring Ma'am, can we please go to one of
the separate rooms?"
I smack you hard across the face and scream
"Don't you ever speak without being spoken
to first. You are my slave…do I make
myself clear?"
You nod your head vigorously and then
go back to sucking my steel. "Good,
and don't you forget it. Now about
your request…I think it's better that we
continue out here for a while. I'm not
done showing you off."
Mulling over your last comment,
I decide that it's time to give the
bois and grrrls a real show.
I pull you to your feet by your
long femmey hair and pull my
knife out from the sheath on my
waist.
"I hope for your sake that you didn't
pay more than 10 dollars for this dress."
And as long as it takes for those words to
come out of my mouth, I cut a slit straight
down the front of your dress
—from lower neck to mid-thigh.

Once you're naked I pause for a
moment to take in the sight of
your body—hands bound and
completely nude except for the
two pairs of underwear…
I know your type.
As I'm taking in your body
I catch you challenging me
defiantly in the eyes. So,
without warning I pinch down
on both of your clamps as hard
as I can and you try to shake
me off. With one had I lift up
your chin and scream
"I see you're trying to match me
in confidence and for that you
will be severely punished.
You are not to challenge your
Mistress by staring her in the
eyes. I own you…and frankly,
I don't think you deserve the
privilege of sight anymore!"
With that I attach a blindfold
over your eyes and secure it
tightly around your head.
Just as I'm finishing putting
the blindfold securely in place,
a big, bury, strap-it-on-boi
named Ethan comes up beside
me and says "Hey Lydia, I just
purchased this new dick recently,
you mind if I try it out on her?"
And even though Ethan knows
I owe hir a favour, and would
say yes no matter what ze's
request was, ze adds,
"I'm sure the feeling of this
sucker in her mouth will send
shivers from my clit to my tonsils

Play Party (cont)

You know the thing about these dicks is that I can cum a million times and never go soft. Hope she has a strong jaw!" Just the thought of Ethan's strap-on in your mouth makes my clit pulse. "Yeah, sure Ethan," I return with a grin. "Consider us even now." With that Ethan struts over to you and forces you to "get on your knees like the whore that you are." Of course you do—fearing another backhand from me. Once you are kneeling before Ethan, I command you to open your mouth as wide as you can and, with one hand holding hir boi-cock firmly against the harness, ze guides hirself into your throat. Ze plunges deep on the first thrust and you choke and sputter. I can tell you're about to spit out some for of protest so I say "Remember slave, you are not to speak one syllable…if you do you'll receive your punishment tenfold." A low-moan, coming from deep inside you, gets muffled as you swallow Ethan's mint-flavoured, latex-covered, lavender-coloured dick to the hilt. With both of hir hands planted firmly on the back of your head, pushing you hard onto the strap-on dick, I chuckle and think I wonder how Ethan's tonsils are feeling now? Five minutes of hir methodically fucing your face go by and, at this point, all the other players have stopped their scenes and we have quite a crowd huddled around us. Finally, when I think ze's cum enough I tap hir on the shoulder and ze withdraws hir always-already hard, saliva covered cock.

Ze collapses into the arms of a another strap-it-on boi, Seth, and as they stumble over to the bar I admire their faggy-butch swaggers: God, I love genderqueer-fag-bois, they're always the life of the party. You're still on your knees—sweating and flushed red—with you hair matted to your face. And even though you're blindfolded I sense that you have a blank expression on your face—I've done this many times before you know. I command you back to your feet and once you're up I force you to turn around. Now, with one swift movement, I unlock one of your hands from behind your back and slam you into the wall with probably a lil' more force than needed. I jus want to make sure you still understand who's in charge. When you're firmly planted up again the wall I slide the unlocked cuff through the bar attached to the wall an re-cuff your hands. "You can thrash and writhe all you want—and once the whipping starts I'm sure you will—but escape is not a viable option."

Already my belt is doubled over my fist. I snap it…HARD! Apparently so hard that it startles you and you jump a little. And as I start dragging the belt up and down your back it becomes evident to the entire crowd just how tense your body is. To your surprise though, I thrust my hand between your

Play Party (cont)

and feel the firm-moistness of your clit. I love the feeling of a trans-grrrls clit—so soft and yet so firm. Just when I hear you starting to emit moans of pleasure, I remove my hand and bring the belt down hard on your upper back.

Crack

"That play between your legs slave, was an example of pleasure you may get to experience if you take your punishment in a proper manner…

do you understand me?" I demand.

"Yes Ma'am, in order to receive pleasure I must endure your punishment."

"Good then you are going to get 50 cracks with the belt across your upper back. And you are going to count each and every one and than beg me to hit you again. I'll give you 5 seconds to do the count, if you forget in that 5 second window you are to receive an additional 5. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Ma'am"

"Good. Now, I will start slow and work my way up. By the time I reach 50 I wouldn't be surprised if you were in tears. In fact, I'll take it as a source of pride if I can make you cry…

now, what do you want me to do?"

"Please Ma'am,

please spank me with the belt."

CRACK

"(Gasp) ONE MA'AM, please may I have another?"

CRACK

"TWO MA'AM, please may I have another?"

CRACK

"THREE MA'AM, please may I have another?"

CRACK

"FOUR MA'AM, please may I have another?"

CRACK

"GODDAMIT, six Ma'am, please may I have another?"

You swore…I had to correct that.

"Um, slave I don't remember telling you that you were allowed to curse. Actually, I specifically remember telling you that you were not to speak unless you had been told to do so. You just earned yourself an additional 10 whips. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm sorry for swearing

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

And so it continues until all 50 have been laid and the 10 extra for cursing. Suffice it to say, at this point, you are in tears. In fact, you're crying so hard that the play-party organizer comes over to see if you're alright. You nod, I slip something into her back pocket, and before you can say "yes Ma'am" I uncuff you from the wall and drag you by your nipple clamps to one of the private rooms in the back. Once inside, you kneel on the floor without any encouragement on my part. I pat your head, reattach the cuffs, and say "It's time for your reward."

Play Party (cont)

I know how much you love to be penetrated after a tear-inducing thrashing but I'm not ready to fuck you yet. That is, my sadism has yet to be quenched. I somehow get the sense that y ou haven't done this is quite a long time and yet, and yet, you've yearned for it. You've been desiring the touch of a transsexual dyke, other than yourself, for a while but you've been fearful of feeling overly vulnerable. The type of vulnerability that comes only when sharing the bed with someone who intimately knows the pain of a pronoun slip-up; with someone who knows the disconnect between the mind and mirror; with someone who's had the condescending eyes of a pharmacist burned into their psyche; with someone who has smelt, first-hand, burnt hair on an upper lip. Two trans-women, together, touching bodies, touching genitals, this is vulnerability at its apex. But through this insecurity, I know you want it; I know you want me. And so, without warning, I push you, hard, onto your back. With my right boot lodged firmly across your neck, and your hands cuffed behind your back, I savor the look of terror that washes across your tear-stained face.

I love the way my clit swells at the sight of one of my slaves gasping for air. In fact, I figure if I am going to give you pleasure than I figure you may as well work for it. Finally, when I think I can see your face turning blue, I remove my boot from your throat and replace it with a soft, snug collar. Then, after first disorienting you with a backhand to your right cheek, I pull to your feet, again using only your tit-clamps. I loop one of the chains hanging from the ceiling collar until your standing on your tip toes, then I attach it to itself.

"If you don't want your friends reading about your death in the paper tomorrow, I suggest you stay on point." I threaten, as you quickly realize that lowering yourself to anything less than the tips of your toes will cause the collar to tighten, again restricting your breath. Once you're bound in my favorite slave position I begin the task at hand.

As I kneel down to breath in the smells of your E-enhanced crotch, the spots of moisture on your panties tell me that you're wet in more places than just your face. I love watching you squirm as I meticulously rub my freshly lasered face up and down your freshly waxed inner thighs. And I revel in the fact that your squirming is caused, partially, to avoid asphyxiation and, partially, to avoid being teased so much. After a couple minutes of tormenting you like this, I'm ready to fuck. So, I grab you by your hips and turn you around so that your panty-clad ass is in my face. I make sure to keep a firm grip on your hips as I think to myself *God, I love a girl with small hips.*

Play Party (cont)

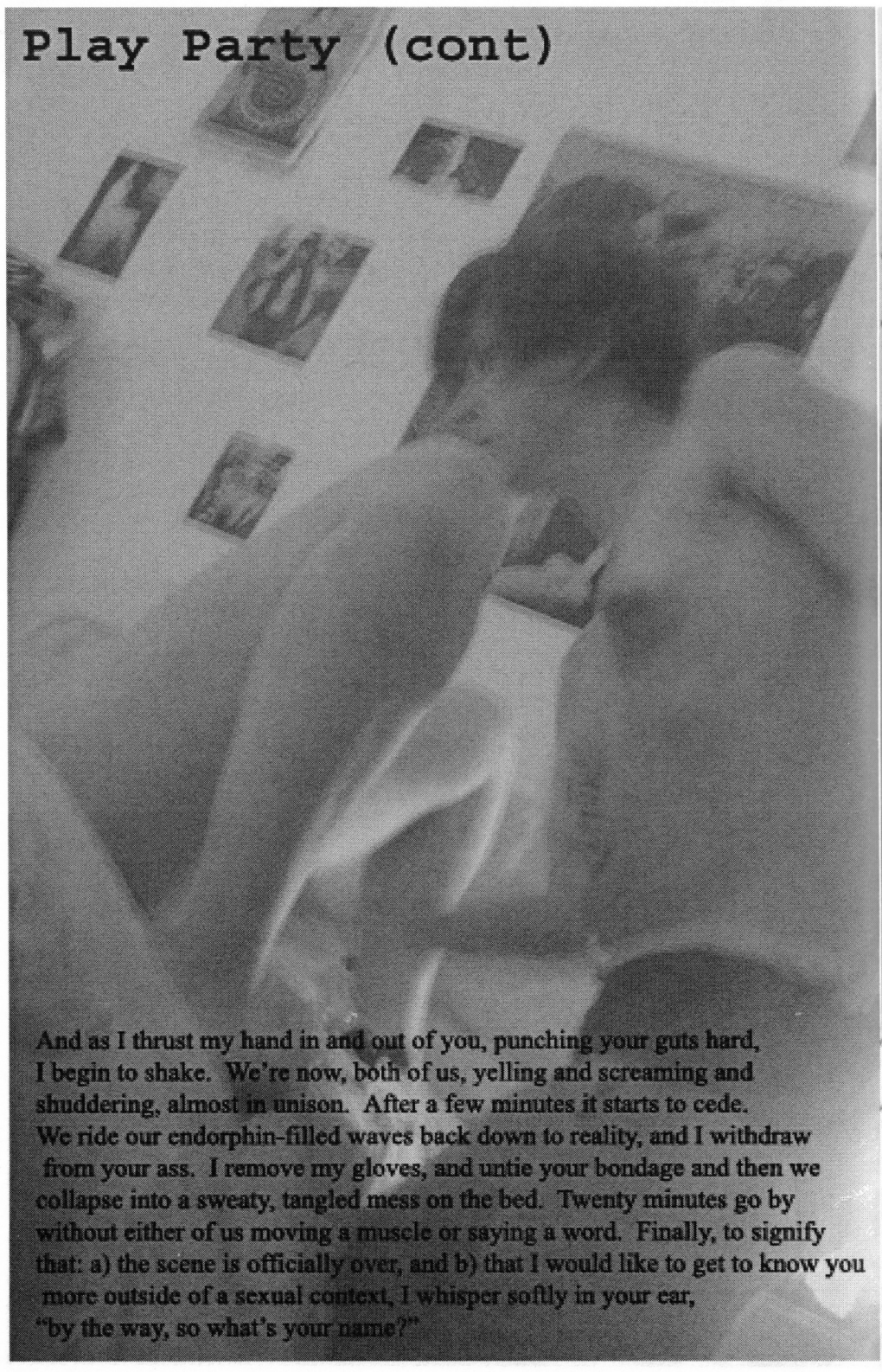
I release my grip only when I know definitively that you'll have bruises tomorrow. I pull your two pairs of underwear down until they're wrapped around your ankles and then, with enough gusto to take your breath away I jam my face between your ass cheeks. The feeling of my tongue pushing its way up your most intimate of orifices makes your knees buck. As I hear you sputtering and choking for oxygen, I'm overcome by sympathy and so I get up and release you from the chain on the ceiling.

"Don't you dare think this means I am done with you!" I scream, as I drag you over to the rubber-sheeted bed. I throw you down so that you're lying on your stomach, and then command you to pull your knees up to your chest. You do, of course, and in a flash, I attach a set of chained-cuffs to your ankles and attach a chain from that set of cuffs to your collar. Then I stand back and admire my handiwork. I always do this prior to a hard fuck. "You know slave, the welts on your back, the cuffs on your joints, the chains binding you together, and the nakedness of your body makes me almost want to sit and stare at you all night. And, remember I'm in control here so if I decided to do just that you'd have to oblige correct?"

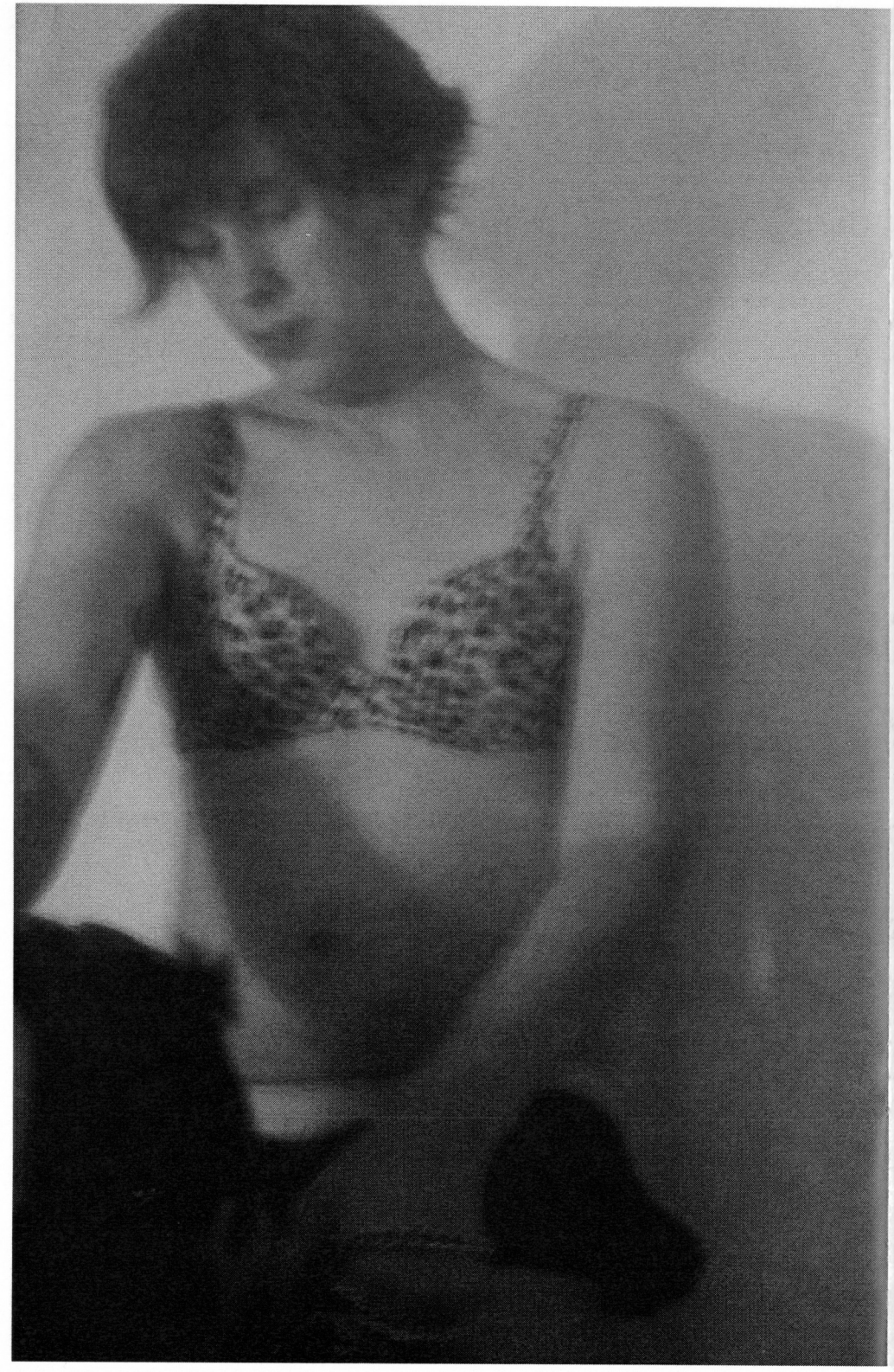
"Yes Ma'am," you reply in a low, breathy voice.

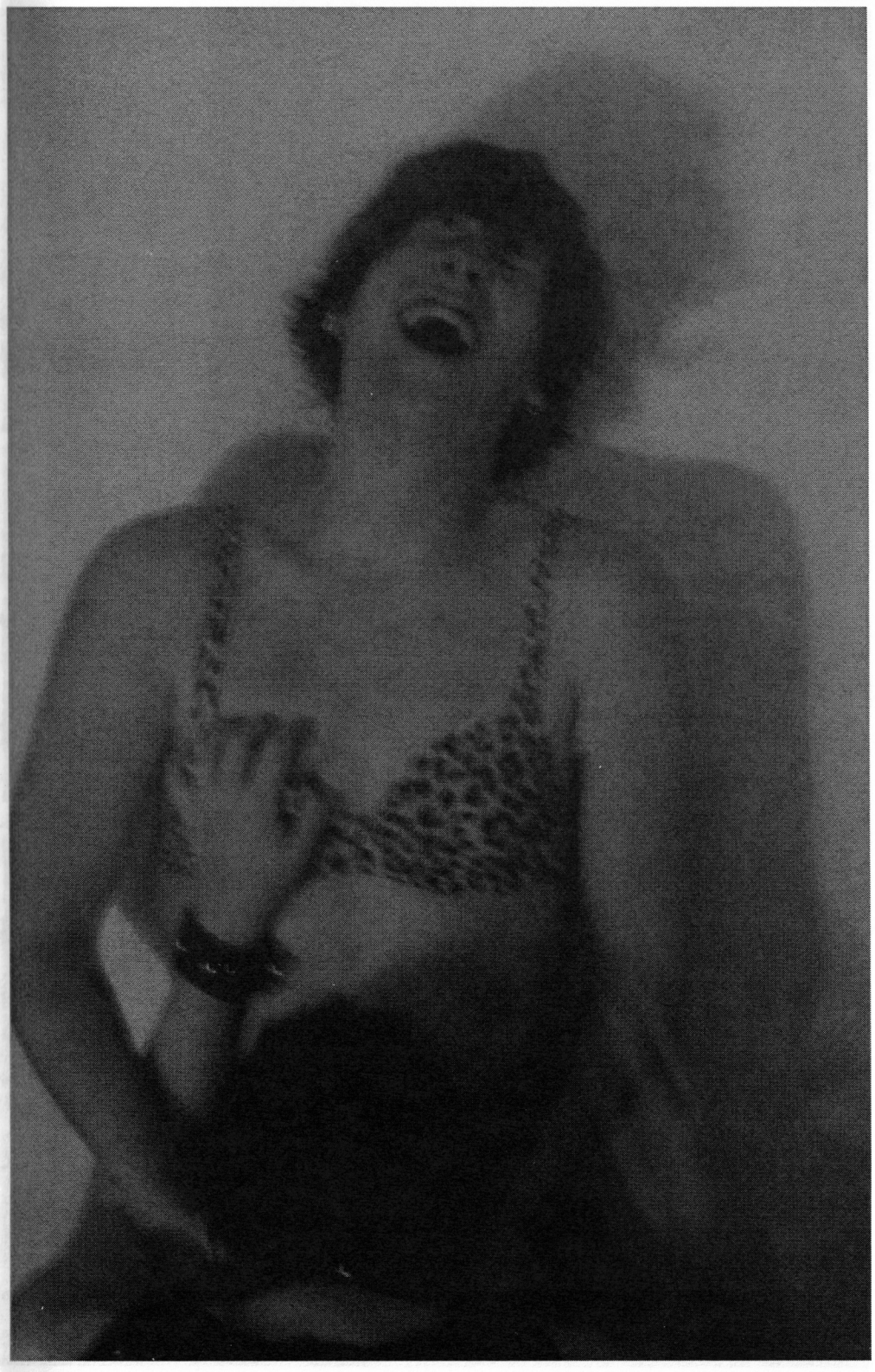
"You see, all this domination has me worked up. And, in fact, you should count your lucky stars that you're no longer living as a guy because if you were a guy right now I'd probably have whipped you and then gone home and fucked my girlfriend. No, instead, I'm going to fuck you like the dykey-whore that you are." And, with that I lube up my black-gloved hands and start to play with your ass and orchied flesh. And for a fleeting moment I feel a sense of melancholy in me as I finger your castrated-genitals; playing with that area of your body reminds me of the fact that I have yet to go under the knife. It's as though I feel "not-trans-enough" whenever I'm in the flesh with a girl who's gotten at least some form of surgery. Like I said though, the feeling lasts but a moment. Within a few minutes I have three fingers lodged firmly up your ass, while my other hand is exploring the area just beneath your clit. You're moaning quite loudly and as I start pistoning my Liquid Silky hand in and out of your ass you start to shudder. And I can tell that this orgasm is not going to be the type of orgasm you have when you're alone at home watching shitty 20 second video-clips of badly-acted porn. No, this is an orgasm that only another person can give you —that only another dyke can give you. So, as you shake and moan and scream and cry, I use up half a bottle of lube and insert another finger and then my thumb into your welcoming asshole.

Play Party (cont)



And as I thrust my hand in and out of you, punching your guts hard, I begin to shake. We're now, both of us, yelling and screaming and shuddering, almost in unison. After a few minutes it starts to cede. We ride our endorphin-filled waves back down to reality, and I withdraw from your ass. I remove my gloves, and untie your bondage and then we collapse into a sweaty, tangled mess on the bed. Twenty minutes go by without either of us moving a muscle or saying a word. Finally, to signify that: a) the scene is officially over, and b) that I would like to get to know you more outside of a sexual context, I whisper softly in your ear, "by the way, so what's your name?"





#1

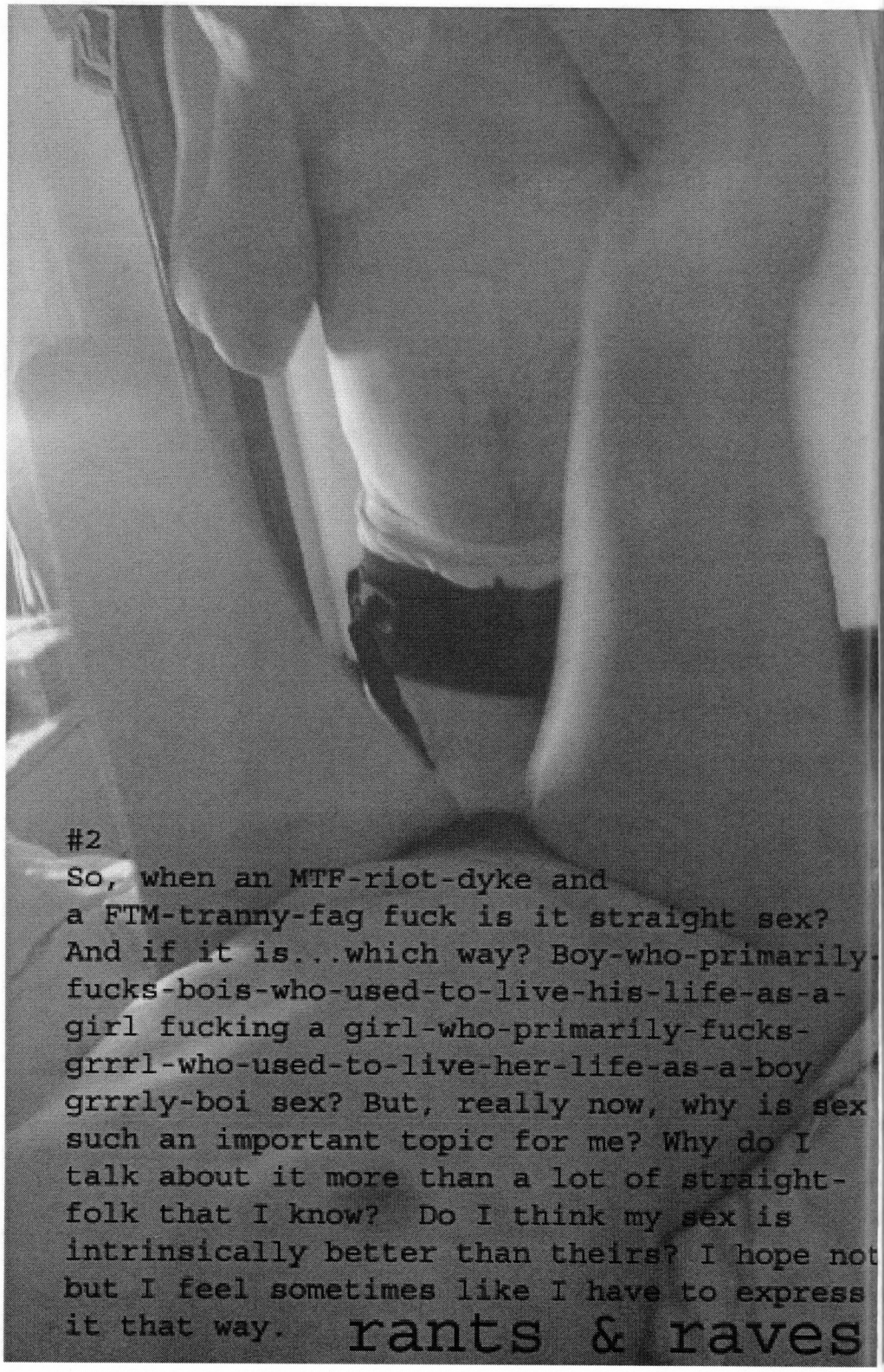
Sometimes people forget that going through a physical/gender transition is but one aspect life. Mind you, it's a pretty big thing right now; but, in 2-5 years I really doubt I'll talk about it as much as I do now. Sometimes allI want to do is talk about my organizing, my tattoos/piercings, my vegetarianism, Nora, polyamory,bdsm, my performance art/poetry... basically *anything* other than my bodily transition. It makes me really awkward talking about it because I feel that they are just waiting to ask me about the shape of my breasts. And a lot of times when people tell me that I should be so proud of myself, I get this weird, creepy feeling up my spine. I sometimes wonder if they mean it's the only thing I should be so proud of i my life. But to me it's just part of my daily existence. It's not as though I get up in the morning, look in my agenda and see that it says:

1) Focus on gender/sexual transition
2) Stuff bra
3) Shave
4) Lunch with Tammy

No it looks more like:

1) Table for Queer concordia
2) Go see endocrinologist at H&H
3) Have dinner with friends.

Spot the difference?



#2
So, when an MTF-riot-dyke and a FTM-tranny-fag fuck is it straight sex? And if it is...which way? Boy-who-primarily-fucks-bois-who-used-to-live-his-life-as-a-girl fucking a girl-who-primarily-fucks-grrrl-who-used-to-live-her-life-as-a-boy grrrly-boi sex? But, really now, why is sex such an important topic for me? Why do I talk about it more than a lot of straight-folk that I know? Do I think my sex is intrinsically better than theirs? I hope not but I feel sometimes like I have to express it that way.

#3
Transitioning is (one of) the biggest things a person can do with their life. Beyond the beaurocray, the staring, the barrage of questions, the defence of pronouns/names, the over-analyzing of choices I make, beyond all that, there is the simple act of being alive. Sometimes I glare at cis folk and think *how come you never questioned your gender?* Sometimes I feel envy. Sometimes I just can't help feel like crying over something silly like a pronoun up. And hurts more when it's in an anarcha/o-demo-patate type place. I try my hardest to correct them and let it slide off my back, but it hurts like hell when some straight-MANarchist calls me *dude* and *man* and *bro!*

I'm not a walking encyclopedia! When I feel hurt and shame and pain I shouldn't have to explain to people the intricacies of a trans embodiement. Sometimes I lose it and rage on people who are trying their darndest to respect me, my body & my integrity...while I let slide the more overt forms of oppression.

#4
I had my second session of laser today. Mentally it felt incredible but if there are other trans girls reading this who have yet to do it, sorry honey but it hurts...***alot.*** Which is quite surprising come from a girl who's been pierced 10 times and tattooed 6.

This time I cried. Surprisingly though, it wasn't the pain that caused the tears. Rather it was a cry of release. I was lying there, trying to think of anything to avoid the thin-elastic-band-snapping-against-my-face type of pain, when I started thinking of my foremothers. The transsexuals, drag-queens, & transgenderists of the 1960s and 70s and 80s. I also thought about how much shame I carry in my beard. How my facial hair has bothered me more consistently than other parts of my body have. I can tuck, I can wear a t-shirt, I can grow my hair-out.

I carry the most shame about my transness in the parts of me that are the hardest to conceal.

#5
When I am walking home from another session of laser that I have just survived, I feel pride

When I manage to get yet another document in my real name, despite having yet to legally change it, I feel pride

When I am walking hand-in-hand with my partner and we get dyke recognition from another lezzzie couple, I feel pride

When I am lying in a post-orgasmic state with a lover, I feel pride

When I pass in a woman's washroom, I feel pride

Late at night, when my voice is rumbling and resonating deep in my chest, *I feel shame*

When I'm too broke to even buy food, I shave my face with a two month old razor, and *I feel shame*

When I sit on the toilet seat in a woman's washroom, and have to put my hand between my thighs to hear the ater splashing, *I feel shame*

When I read a "Lesbian Bondage Erotica" and see no reference, at all, to trans-womens' sexuality, *I feel shame*

I wrote this one about a month after getting asked, rather violently to leave a woman's bathroom.

#6
I'm still feeling shitty about the washroom incident. Call it post-traumatic tranny disorder. Why has this incident affected me more than being genderbashed last summer? Maybe it's because I spoke up more this time? Maybe it's because I experienced trans-misogyny at an event that I am a part of.

I'm really sick of trans-fucked people staring at me. Staring is not okay! I have been on hormones for over a year now, I fuck my girlfriend like any old dyke would. I'm sick and tired of being someone's laughing stock. I am so sick of getting the headnods, and bros from all the dudes. Everytime someone nonconsensually tries to label me M, I want to force them, ala clockwork orange, to watch hours and hours of Nora and I fuckin. I'm sorry sir, but contrary to popular belief I am not the Internet. Get a book and stop reading me!

Rants and Raves

Resources

Hormones (under 25 yrs):

Head and Hands - Drop-In, Anonymous Medical Clinic
Tuesday and Thursday Nights
Show up at 5:00pm sharp to get a spot
5833 Sherbrooke Ouest
Montréal, Québec
514.481.0277
info@headandhands.ca

Hormones (any age):

2110 Centre for Gender Advocacy - Referral Service for Therapists & Endocronologists, Peer Counseling
2110 Rue Mackay (between Sherbrooke and Maisonneuve)
Montreal, Quebec
514-848-2424 x 7880
(peer counseling confidential line)
centre2110 @ gmail.com (general inquiries)
counselling_2110_montreal @ yahoo.ca
(peer counselling program)

Support:

Project 10 - LGBTTQIA Youth Resource Centre
Queer/Trans Youth Drop-In Wednesdays at 6:00pm
6, Weredale Park
Montreal, Qc
514-989-4585
questions@p10.qc.ca

Action Santé Travesties et Transsexuelles du Québec (ASTT(e)Q) - Individual and Group Support, Weekly Discussion Groups
1626 St-Hubert
Montréal Quebec Canada
514-847-8850

Resources

Laser Hair Removal:

Eclecticlinic
Neck, Beard, Chin, Upper-Lip - $200 per session
Chest, Stomach - 300-500 per session
3859 Rue St-Urbain
Montréal, QC
H2W 1T6
tel : (514) 282-8768
Tuesday to Saturday

Clinique Revolution
Neck, Beard, Chin, Upper-LIp - $185 per session
Chest, Stomach - 250-400 per session
1574, avenue du Mont-Royal Est
Montreal, QC
H2J 1Z2
514-528-9996

Websites:

www.tsroadmap.com/

www.susans.org/

nctequality.org/HealthFacts.pdf

www.deadletters.biz/real.pdf

www.genderdynamix.co.za

www.t-vox.org

www.transsexual.org/

www.livejoural.com
(get an account for free and join one of the number of on-line trans discussion groups)

Further Reading

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